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Irish Names. Descended from Bluebeard?
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OUR GAELIC CLASS.

GAELIC LETTERS.			ROMAN LETTERS.		
ᗅ	-	ᗅ	A	-	a
b	-	b	B	-	b
c	-	c	C	-	c
d	-	d	D	-	d
e	-	e	E	-	e
f	-	f	F	-	f
g	-	g	G	-	g
h	-	h	H	-	h
ı	-	ı	I	-	i
l	-	l	L	-	l
m	-	m	M	-	m
n	-	n	N	-	n
o	-	o	O	-	o
p	-	p	P	-	p
r	-	r	R	-	r
s	-	s	S	-	s
t	-	t	T	-	t
u	-	u		-	u

One can easily see that the Gaelic each, a steed, and the Latin *equus* are the same word; but cannot so easily realize that the Greek *hippos* is also the same word. Yet it is. The letter "p" in the mutations of ages has a trick of changing not only into b and v, but also into k. And so, in one of the Greek dialects, I think the Æolian, *hippos* was pronounced and written as if hikkos, which fact reveals its relationship with the Irish each.

Tarbh — a bull

b, if pipped, as thus—tarb, or followed by a h, is pronounced as if v. Again in Gaelic, the letter r has always a strong independent sound, never losing itself in the succeeding consonant. So an Irish-speaking person will never say Henry, as we do, but Hennery, giving the letter r its full native dignity and appropriate honours. Then as the short or unaccented Gaelic a has the sound of the English o in cot, the pronunciation of

Tarbh — a bull

will be as if written thorrov: a very fine word too and evidently the same as the Latin *taurus*.

The corresponding word in the Welsh language sounds almost like the Irish. A friend of mine strolling meditatively through a Cambrian pasture was startled by hearing a voice cry, in an excited manner, something that resembled thorrov. He at once grasped the situation, fled for the nearest fence, and clambered over just in time to escape the charge of a very fine young Cambrian bull.

This is a good example of those excellent "practical advantages" arising from the study of Gaelic to which the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava drew our very pointed attention in one of the early numbers. But for his knowledge of the tongue of his ancestors, my poor friend, as he very solemnly assured me, would have been inevitably transfixed on that occasion.

To return – the word "fierce" is the adjective which we most readily associate with the noun bull. This word, in the Gaelic, supplies another good example of the independent r sound, viz. :—

Borb — fierce

Here you see the b is not pipped, and so the word will be properly pronounced as if burrab, for the Gaelic o has the sound of the English u in cut, hut, &c.

An tarb borb — the fierce bull

An tarb ro-borb — the very fierce bull

Now for a great stretch along the road that leads to the serene regions of absolute mastery over this great and ancient tongue, a sentence!

Ta re ro-borb an tarb mór,

o' phonetically, Thaw shay ro-burrab an thorrov more. He is very fierce, the great bull, or the great bull is very fierce.

Owing to the exhaustion naturally consequent upon such an immense stride as the foregoing, I think I had best now close the class.

IRISH NAMES.

DESCENDED FROM BLUEBEARD?

A correspondent writes :—"Your mention in a former number of Blue Beard, M.F.H. (Model for Husbands ?)recalls the fact that we have living close to us some well-known personages stated to be descendants of the above-named worthy. In "Annuaire de la Bretagne" for 1862 (Paris, Didron, Rue St Dominique, publisher), we read that Camorre le Maudit assasinated Jonas, the young Prince of Domnonee, which province of Brittany Camorre then seized on, forcing the widow of the murdered man to marry his murderer, who also assumed the guardianship of her son, the young Judual. Camorre having in a fit of anger revealed his intention of killing the young heir, some of Judal's faithful servants brought him for safety to Lunaire, a saintly Bishop of the Isle of Brittany, who had built himself a monastery on the west side of the mouth of the river Rance, close to St Malo (visitors to which most picturesqe old town are hereby confidently recommended to the care of the courteous hostess, Madame Laferriere, of the new "Grand Hotel Franklin," situated facing, and some twenty yards from, the sea and fine sands).

Camorre, our legend proceeds, espoused, one after another, a great number of wives, whom he successively killed. From him, it is alleged, we derive the famous story of Blue Beard!

The king of Paris, Childebert, being informed of Count Camorre's crimes, set at liberty the young Prince Judual, of whom, deceived by the false stories of Camorre, that King had been the gaoler for some years. The sudden appearance of Judual in Domnonee caused the whole province to rise in his favour. Camorre, after two battles, was forced to fall back on his Comte, or province of Poher; but, having given battle a third time, near the foot of the Montagner Noires, he was not only defeated, but lost, at one and the same time, his kingdom and his life (A.D., 554). He left a son, Camorre II., who appears to have reigned peacefully in his Comte de Poher. It was he who piously raised over the tomb of the holy hemit Harn or Hernin, the chapel subsequently known as the church of Locarn, at Trevieres, near Bayeur, in Normandy.

There were in Brittany five provinces or small principalities, of which La Cornouaille (whence the name of our Cornwall), le Leon, la Domnonee, and le Poher were the principal.

The first of these, situated between the rivers Elorn and Elle, comprised what was the ancient diocese of Juimper. The Comte of Poher must be considered as a fragment or divided portion of Cornouaille, effected in the course of the 6th century. The chief town was the small one of Ker-ahes, or Carhaix, and thence came the name of the province or Comte; for Poher is only a contraction of Pow-Caer, a Breton word meaning Pagus-Urbis or County of the town, par excellence. Its first Count, as we have seen, became too famous under the name of Camorre, the accurst. Le Baud, in his History of Bretagne, tells us that the seat of Camorus was at Kar-hoes, now Carhaix, the capital of the Poher country, which extended nearly to Brest. The last representatives of le Poher, in the 12th century, possessed little more than the lordship of Carhaix. Eventually, it was united with the Duchy of Brittany by the Duke Alain; but a branch of the family existed there down to the 15th century, previous to which several branches had immigrated under the name of de Poer into Normandy, England, and finally into Ireland, during the invasion under Strongbow. In England we find that Bishop Poore founded Salisbury Cathedral. That form of the name is still existant in that town, and in other parts of England, in the persons of Sir Richard Poore, Captain R.N.; Colonel Poore, R.M.A.; and

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others. The de la Poers ,of Curraghmore, and the Power de la Poers, of Gurteen, are descended from the branch which came to Ireland with Strongbow Robert de Poer was knight-marshal to Henry II. in Ireland in 1165; was governor of Waterford and Wexford; and, in 1179, joint governor of Ireland with the Lord Hugh de Lacy. Lord Robert de Poer obtained a grant of a portion of the present county of Waterford. This district was thence called the Poer or Power country. From him are also descended the branches of Donisle (Dunhill), of Iverke, of Kells, in Ossory, etc., etc. Richard Poer, Lord of Curraghmore, was Sheriff of County Waterford, 1452 to 1476. Sir Richard Poer, Knight of Curraghmore, was created, A.D. 1583. Lord Power,, Baron of Curraghmore. Richard. sxth Lord Power, was (1673) created Earl of Tyrone. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London as a Jacobite. James, third Earl of Tyrone, and eighth Lord Power, had an only daughter, Lady Kathleen Poer or Power, married to Sir Marcus Beresford, fourth Baronet, of Coleraine. She brought to him the Curraghmore estates and, through his marriage with her, the extinct Earldom of Tyrone was revived in his favour. He was ancestor of the Marquis of Waterford.

The above third Earl of Tyrone, eighth Lord Power, dying without male issue, his Earldom became extinct; but it is claimed that his Barony of Power, of Curraghmore, reverted to John Power, who being a colonel in the army of James II. was attainted and outlawed on account of the Rebellion of 1688. From him is descended Edmond Poher de la Poer, of Gurteen, County Waterford, a Count of the Roman States.

Ys IN THE HEART.

Among the many legends of Bretagne, home of romantic lore,of pious pilgrimage, and holy shrines, of fairy Wilis, Kovrigan, and Kobbold, there is one here somewhat rudely paraphrased from the original of its great Breton prose-poet:

"A far-famed legend of Bretagne tells of a fabled town of Ys, long time since buried in the sea.

Along its rugged shore the fisher-folk show many a spot where each one thinks it stood—this city of surmise—and tells of it strange mystic tales.

In winter's storms they see its spires within the hollow of each crested wave.

In summer calms they hear its chimes rising from out the abyss, and blending with the evening hymn!

I often dream that deep within my heart there lies a town of Ys, where sounds the parting bell for friends long journeyed to the far off land!

And so, in waning life I ofttimes pause to hearken to faint, trembling sounds that seem to rise from depths profound—like voices from another world—far murmurs from a lost Atlantis!"

RENAN (Souvenirs).

QUARTERLY SUBSCRIBERS.

This week the "All Ireland Review" will go out as usual to all quarterly subscribers whether they have paid or not for the second quarter, but after this week will be only sent to those who have paid. This measure, though it may seem cruel or harsh, I consider necessary for the health and general well-being of the little paper.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Except in Cork, the "All Ireland Review," after the present number, cannot be procured through news-agencies, a mode of reaching my public which I find troublesome and unsatisfactory, and not at all calculated to fatten the bones of the little paper. Those of my readers then who have been in the habit of practising that form of economy with the loss of many half-pennies to her Majesty and much detriment to the "A. I. R.,' will in future order the little paper direct from myself. Why Cork is excepted must remain a mystery. Possibly it is because I first drew in the vital air in that great County.

HANDIEST OF HANDYMANS.

I want a situation in a country place with a kind employer for an excellent and most capable man servant, perfectly described by a lady of my acquaintance as "the handiest of handymans."—ED.

DROITWICH.

A few years ago a friend told me that he had just returned from the salt baths of Droitwich, where in a short time he had been cured of a bad attack of sciatica. He said he could "feel the brine driving the sciatica out of him." The quaintness of the expression caused me to remember Droitwich, and feeling myself in want of a holiday and change, and being armed with railway passes, a convenient and recommendable mode of getting from one place to another, I made straight for Droitwich, which also I knew to be a pleasant and salubrious spot.

The saltness, the extreme briny nature, of the springs is unquestionable. The saltest water in the Ocean is that of the Mediterranean. The water of the Dead Sea—absit omen—is a great deal salter than that of the Mediterranean; but the briny springs of Droitwich are very nearly twice as salt as the waters of the Dead Sea. Droitwich apparently yields the very saltest water in the world. When it gets into the eyes how they do smart! The bather who afterwards contemplates himself in the glass finds his countenance crusted over with fine salt, and his eyebrows white, as with hoar frost. He thinks of Lot's wife.

Such is the buoyancy of the water that you float on it like a cork; if you tried to drown yourself you couldn't. When you reach out to swim in this water you will be surprised to find that you can get no purchase on the water with your feet; at every ineffectual attempt you will find those propelling agencies hoisted high into the air.

Recommended generally as a tonic these waters relieve or cure invalids who suffer from gout, sciatica, lumbago, and other kindred complaints; and as every one is more or less liable to the visitation of such scourges, my readers may not object to the foregoing concerning Droitwich and its springs.

As to the question where to stay, there are lodging houses and three good hotels. I put up myself at the Ravenhurst Hydro, where I was as well entertained in every sense as any one could wish, and at moderate terms. Hearing of the "All Ireland Review" the intelligent proprietor at once secured a space on my 3rd page of cover, where her advertisement, containing particulars, will be found by those who look. The Hydro stands at the highest point of Droitwich, blown around by a bracing air, and looks out upon green fields.

GONE ASTRAY.

What here follows, viz., a description of the first meeting of Cuculain and Fergus, is a bit of "In the Gates of the North" which unluckily went astray.

Fergus said, "Ye will not persuade him, for when I rebelled against Concobar Mac Nessa, one, not sent by me, urged him to leave the school at Emain Macha, and come out and join our hosting. He wept bitterly, but would not come out. Neither will you persuade him now, when he is sworn knight to his King."

Nevertheless, the project was pleasing to the assembled kings, and Fergus consented to bear the conditions to Cuculain.

Early in the morning Fergus Mac Roy went forth by himself ,and journeyed far through the forest going northwards. He ascended a clear eminence and thence sent out his voice of power, calling Cuculain by his old name, Setanta. Birds without number arose out of the woods at that unusual sound, and there was a vast commotion and a trampling of unseen feet, for the forestine tribes and populations were much disturbed in their minds when they heard the voice of that ex-Champion of the North. Simultaneously, too, there arose one glad and clear cry, for Cuculain heard him, and hastened to meet him. His light feet as he ran was like the sound of galloping steeds. Fergus, too, hastened to meet his dear pupil, bursting through the undergrowth and dense boscage of the forest, and when they met they embraced and kissed each other, and wept for a long time.

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